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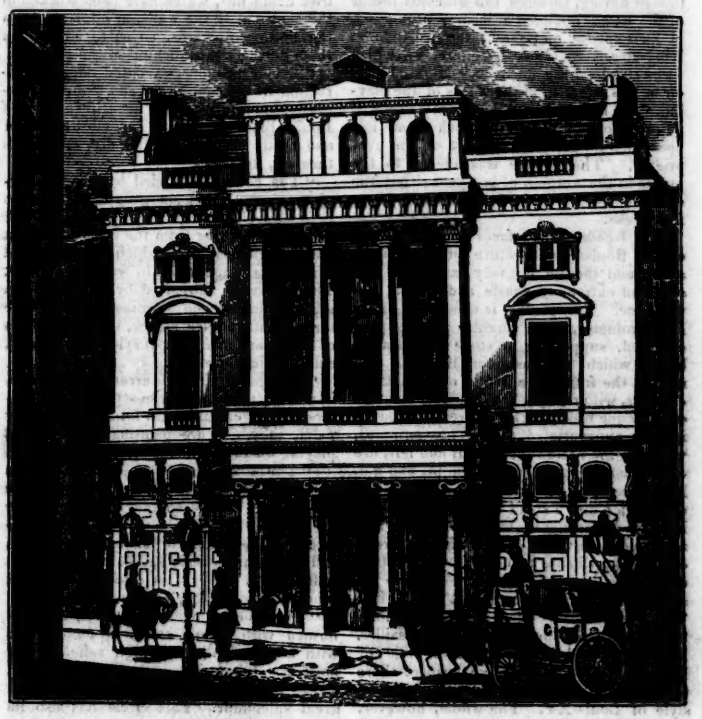

THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

The rapidity with which certain of the London theatres have been erected, is worthy of remark. The present Covent Garden Theatre, inappropriately massive as is the character of its architecture, was built in ten months; Drury Lane Theatre was completed within twelve months; in the Brunswick, of ill-fated memory, performances were commenced within seven months from its foundation: the English Opera House was raised in four months; and the St. James's Theatre has risen within the almost incredibly short space of thirteen weeks, six days of which were so wet as to cause the works to be suspended. Such celerity of construction is the more interesting when the high finish of the decorative portion of these theatres is considered, inasmuch as it argues a perfection in the arts of design which must be regarded with satisfaction; and, the theatre we are about to describe—that at St. James's—is the most elaborately ornamented of the above-named, though it occupied least time in its construction.* The builders of the St. James's Theatre were Messrs. Grissell and Peto; and the architect, Mr. Samuel Beazley, who has been happily

* For the information of some readers, it may be requisite to mention that in most cases, the internal fittings of a theatre are executed long before the walls are raised. The St. James's decorations are in the first manner: the gilding is not coarse, but fit for drawing-room work.

referred to as the Vanbrugh of his time: for he has not only designed several theatres, but has written many excellent pieces to be performed in them. To the enterprising and untiring spirit of Mr. Braham are the public indebted for this additional attraction to the amusements of the metropolis. This gentleman having, through the gracious favour of the King, obtained a license, purchased, at an expense of 8,000*l.*, the freehold in King-street, St. James's-square, on which formerly stood the old Nerot's Hotel. Hereon he has erected, in the words of the playbill, "the most splendid theatre in Europe;" an assertion, by the way, which is no idle boast or vain glory on the part of the proprietor. The theatre was opened to the public in the autumn of last year; but the exterior has only been finished within these few weeks.

The façade, which faces Duke-street, is of the Roman architecture of the middle ages; and though not very extensive, presents an extremely chaste and elegant appearance. The portico is composed of six Ionic columns, with angular volutes fully enriched, supporting a stone balustrade; behind which, and sustaining the main cornice of the front, is a range of Corinthian columns, with richly-embellished entablature of the same order. The centre of the building is appropriated to the box-entrance, whilst at the extremities, right and left, are commodious approaches to the pit and gallery. The box visiters are admitted through the portico into a small entrance-hall, leading by a handsome flight of stone steps into a compact vestibule adjoining the dress-circle, from whence two circular, stone staircases ascend to the upper boxes, and to the saloon, which is in front of the building. The interior of this theatre much resembles the theatre of the Palace of Versailles. It is decorated in the elaborate style of Louis Quatorze, though we suspect there to be some intermixture of the impure style of Louis XV. The whole, however, is of such excellent effect, that we avail ourselves of abridging the descriptive details from the *Morning Herald*:—

"The interior, which is something less in size than the English Opera House, comprises two tiers of boxes under the gallery, with what are known as "slips" on each side of it. The dress-circle, consisting of sixteen boxes, is kept considerably lower than in any other theatre, so as to place the spectator as near with the level of the stage as possible. On each side of the pit nearest the stage, are two compact, private boxes, which command a perfect view of the performances. The gallery is so constructed as to admit of the stage being seen from every part — a *desideratum* not obtained in other theatres.

"The lobbies running entirely round the theatre, are formed of stone landings and brick walls, so as to prevent the possibility of danger from fire; and the staircases, every where in the public department, are of stone. The walls and timber would 'laugh a siege to scorn,' being of unusual strength and thickness, further secured by iron chain-ties, which have been worked in the centre of all the walls, at intervals, from the bottom upwards, so as to strengthen them during the hardening of the mortar.

"The decorations, executed under the direction of Messrs. Crace and Son, of Wigmore-street, after the beautiful style of Louis Quatorze, are of the most splendid and costly description, and are, as regards theatres, unique.

"The ceiling, encircled by a carved cornice, on which rest six groups of children in bas-relief, is composed of rich, spreading foliage, branching from the centre into six, enriched panels, from which are suspended carved swags and drops of fruit and flowers. The ceiling is supported by Caryatides on gilded plinths, and terminates in a cove formed into twelve arches, in the spandrils of which are paintings of sylph-like figures, emblematical of music.

"The gallery front is arranged in panels, in a form peculiar to the style adopted, intersected by circular ones formed of twining palm, in which are paintings of children, playing on various instruments.

"The first circle is also arranged in panels, but varying much in their form from the above. These contain paintings after the manner of Watteau, relating to the origin of the Italian drama and pantomime, and between them are smaller panels of gilt trellis-work. Over this circle is a carved canopy, supported by eight pilasters.

"The front of the dress circle, which is formed with a bold swell, is embellished with a carved foliage in high relief, and of most tasteful design, on which the light, owing to its peculiar form, strikes with great splendour. This circle has also its canopy and pilasters, but more splendid; from the latter spring handsome girandoles, each bearing three wax lights, in addition to a magnificent, central chandelier.

"The proscenium is quite novel in its decoration, having no drapery at top, but a richly carved, undulating line instead. In the three arches above the stage, which form part of the twelve we have described as belonging to the ceiling, are introduced three beautifully executed paintings. That in the centre represents a medallion of the royal arms, from which children surrounding it are raising a crimson drapery; whilst those on its left and right are symbolical of Comedy and Music, also personated by children; these are inclosed in rich frame-work. The lower part of the proscenium

consists of a rich entablature, ornamented with trusses and swags of flowers, supported by fluted columns, with intersecting enrichments, and splendid, gilt capitals resting on carved pedestals. A foliage of palm, terminating against the entablature, is the decoration of the upper box; the lower one is formed by a carved canopy. The box front is a trellis panel, containing a mask surrounded by foliage, with frill and shell-work in burnished gold. The whole of these splendid ornaments on a white ground, which is the prevailing colour of the interior, have a most chaste and pleasing effect. The interior of the boxes is a rich crimson.

"Complete as is the audience part of the St. James's Theatre, no less so are the arrangements for the stage and scenic departments. Besides a very extensive stage, which possesses every modern improvement, are excellent painting rooms, with an adjoining building, six stories in height, containing dressing and green rooms, at the top of which is a tank of water for fire services."

The Sketch-Book.

THE BEE'S WING TAVERN.

In a country place, men and things know so little of change, that those living in the midst and taking their impressions from the invariable character of all around them, may be excused if they now and then forget that the course of events is very different among the crowd and press of men.

The village church knows no alteration—neither do the trees on the village green: and the only shop in the place has been "in the family" time out of mind. "The curate" never dies; and it would be indecorous to suppose that "the doctor" can be less long-lived. Miss Crump has *always* kept the school, (though heaven knows how the old-maidenly *succession* has been kept up; and our village stocks, unlike those of great cities, never fluctuate—they are still "*fast* by the village pound." The "Crown and Sceptre" has always been *the* house; and if Boniface himself be gathered now and then to his fathers, he and his jokes, and his ale, are still in the remembrance of all—he is only laid at rest on the pleasant hill-side; while his son inherits the house and its honours—the leathern jerkin, and, in due time, the "jolly red nose" of his sire. In all this, surely, there is no change. You that left the village thirty years ago—go among its inhabitants now, and the same subjects shall meet your ear in their rough discourses. "The *vive* acres—and the thirty acres—the hill-side farm — and the Ham; — spade-labour and the plough,—are still the paramount topics. The same wagon stops under the same old elm—and the same sign swings and creaks in the branches above; and at the aspect of the tall, old clock in the best parlour, keeping watch like a living thing over the sanded floor, immemorial chairs, and eloquent dumb waiter, you would swear it was the *old* time that its round, staring face was telling over again. With all at a stand still around him, what miraculous circumstance, then, could ever make it apparent to a country gentleman that the rest of the world was moving on. And if the fact were made tolerably evident to his senses, if his fancies or his interests lay in the way, would he not be just as far from belief as before? Of course he would—and I have a story to prove my position.

Of all letters that a man receives, those probably are the most welcome which are put into his hand about the hour of evening; but these ordinarily come written on pink paper, folded up in the shape of cocked hats, containing only three lines, in wiry, irresolute, feminine writing, yet saying all that could be wished—pithy as a cheque. But this was not the character of a note which I received one evening lately. The paper on which this letter was indited, was not coloured, but *dis*-coloured: the seal, far from being two delicate little doves, or two hearts, *dos-à-dos*, was a large wafer-seal, with a check of the proportions of a gridiron, an emblem which I can recommend as equally expressive of the sublime passion. The *hand* was not lady-like, nor skewer-like, but simply squire-like; —a large, round *fist*, like one talking loud, the letters tumbling over and jostling one another, like boys at leap-frog. A little patience put me in possession of the leading subject of this precious epistle. My old friend Weedings, from Norfolk, had arrived in town, and begged that I would come to him immediately; hinting, that as he and his family were strangers in town, it would be but hospitable so to do: for, already, (his letter went on to state,) as well as he could judge, he was afraid that they had got into bad quarters. He could not account to himself for the reason, why the house from which he dated should not satisfy him as an inn, as well as it had satisfied his father before him; whom he well recollected to have heard say, that he had lodged at the Old Bee's Wing, when he came up to town to see the coronation of that great king, George the Third: and the old gentleman furthermore stated, that the other old gentleman, *his* father, had told the story so *very* often, in his presence, that there could be no mistake in the name. Mr. W. closed a very laconic epistle, as he began it, by begging me to join him immediately.

"Weedings!" I ejaculated, "Weedings, you are an unconscionable old man, not to put up without murmuring with the hostelry

where he who bore your blissful name before you, was, perhaps, but too happy to put up in his time. But this—*this* is the spirit of the day—no man, woman, or child, is content to walk in the steps of the man, woman, or child, who preceded them!"

Recovering from my painful reflections, I found myself bound, by all the ties of fine feeling and good fellowship, and by all my hopes of an invitation to the Poachindale preserves for the ensuing September, without delay to attend the summons of friendship and of Weedings. Yet was it a hard case, to leave home, and one of the *last* fires of the season—to go out into the cold, damp atmosphere to do that which no man perhaps was ever known to venture on before—leaving the west end to penetrate into the depths of the City.

"Yet," thought I, "these cannot be such very bad quarters," as my eye caught the name of the spot whence my friend dated his note—"*The Old Bee's Wing*," in the —— Ward. The old savage might have *squatted* in a more fashionable part of town, but where is the house that holds forth a more tempting title? I felt satisfied that there was a delicacy and modesty in this sign, (if sign it could be called, which no painter could portray,) that deserved more renown. I myself, profound as I am acknowledged to be in all the signs of the wine-bibbing zodiac, had never heard of this: it must be a deserving hotel! The very antiquity of the place, being called the "Old Bee's Wing" so many years ago, entitled it to reverence. It was a kind of half-way house between the present times and Falstaff's resort in Eastcheap. Godfrey Weedings *must* have taken dislike to the people—somebody had offended him—the fault could not be in the "Bee's Wing" *per se*. Imagination once astir, little time elapsed before I had conjured up every feature of those comfortable inns in which it is the glory of a man to "take his ease." Plenty of light, plenty of warmth, plenty of society; snug rooms, comfortable beds, plentiful punch, and plentiful landlady; bustling, yet quiet; opulent, yet unostentatious. All these characteristics, and more, I pictured to myself as forming items of the character of "the Old Bee's Wing."

In the meanwhile, the cabman, in whose hands were placed myself and fortunes, declared that we were now approaching the spot: though he seemed a very ignorant fellow, for after leaving Old Fish-street, on our right, not only did he pause every now and then to ask for the inn itself, but he was apparently unacquainted with the very street in which it was situated. I suspected his honesty in this particular. By this time, we were rounding corners every moment, garnished with old, decrepit, iron-headed posts, and *crunching* human beings against the sides of houses on both sides of the way at once. The streets became more like lanes every moment, and the lanes themselves impassable—while the houses seemed to have no *termini* at all towards the heavens. It was long since we had left the region of gas; and we had slowly turned into some street bereft of even oil-light, when growing exasperated at the seeming obtusity or villainy of the driver, I declared my determination of not going a step farther.

"No more you needn't, sir, and no words about it, *neither*;" said Cab; "for if I an't mistaken, this un's the street—and that's the house.—What sign did you ask for, sir?" as if to make sure.

"The Old Bee's Wing!"

"I say," said the fellow, addressing a figure crawling along on the darkest side of the dark street, "Mister,—who are you?"

"Police!"

"Well—I say,—this gentleman vonts 'the Bee's Wing,' isn't this the crib?" pointing to a window illumined by a solitary candle, shining through a dingy red curtain.

"Some calls it one thing, some another; among them as knows best it goes by that name," said the policeman, crossing over to look at us.

Having the excellent authority of a constituted officer, there was no excuse for unbelief; so paying my fare, without taking my purse out of my pocket, I looked warily round me, and prepared to meet my ill-starred friends.

On one side of the house was a stable-yard, dark as Erebus in the entrance; but into it I plunged, in hopes that it would lead to some place worthier of the name of *Inn*. Half a minute's desperate wading through puddles and pools—if not horse-ponds, brought me into what was evidently the wreck of the old stable-yard of the inn in its palmy day. The feeble rays of the moon, which now broke through the clouds, plainly demonstrated the fact; and further, that the old gallery around and its domiciles, were converted into workshops, and dwelling-places for the lowest artisans. Here a carpet—there a tattered garment hanging over the rails and flapping idly as the wind played round the riddled tenement, added to the forlorness of the scene.

My search was in vain for either outlet or inlet except the one by which I arrived. Not a light was to be seen, and I was preparing to return by the *grand* entrance, when I happily heard as it were a hissing, and presently somebody "confounding" somebody else's body. This was refreshing. Once more was I among humanity, from which I had been cut off for full—four minutes and a half. Try it, reader, and you will find it a long time.

Guided by the friendly ejaculation, I soon found myself in the presence of him with the

curry-comb. It was a hackney-coachman. Your hackney-driver, now, in his vocation, and the same gentleman when at home among his cattle, are very different beings. Try *that*, also, reader, and you will find it out.

The curious passages which passed between this worthy and myself, must, however, be reserved for a moment of more leisure; at present I am anxious to find my unfortunate friends. In addition to the immediate information which I sought, I curried out of this rough groom, the whole history, past, present, and to come, of the inn: how it had gradually sunk in "old master's" time,—how it had utterly fallen during the days of his wild colt of a son; and how it lingered on, shrunk into little better than a pothouse, in the hands of that son's widow. So much for its past history: and for its future prospects, they were still more decisive. The "Old Bee's Wing" was a condemned house; and if my country friends stayed in it three days, they would have it pulled down about their ears. How charmingly well Godfrey Weedings, Esq., had provided for the comfort of himself and family!

Guided by Job, the said hackney-man, and Job's lanthorn, and still more by the sense of touch in my two hands, I at length stood at the bar—the once merry bar of the Bee's Wing; and while Job translated my object into the *lingo* of the place, to a dirty girl in curl-papers and a loose gown, I had a moment's leisure to look about me. There was nothing satisfactory. The delicate odour of "sack and canaries" had perished, stifled in the fumes of tobacco and Whitbread: the regal wine, whose delicate attribute had given a name to the house, had yielded place to cloudy "Scotch Ale, *per* fourpence the quart;" the silver tankards of yore were replaced by vile pewter: and a row of half-filled painted bottles, round whose dry throats were hung collars of bone, bearing the plebeian names of *shrub*, *spruce*, and *bitters*, formed the *cellars* of this famous tavern. In lieu of rich, old wines, a half-starved tailor was warming a modicum of porter in a thing like a funnel, by dint of driving its long pointed end into the coals in search of latent and invisible fire. A huge loaf—the outer walls of a cheese—and a knife-tray with broken biscuit in it—replaced the savoury viands that fed our fathers. The only remnant of "the better days," which I could discover, was a row of twenty bells—or rather, the numbers over which they had hung; for many of them had gone, and the few that were extant had lost their clappers, and were *mute* testimonies to the bustle of past times. Struck by the appearance of the place, I believe I stood lost in bewilderment, when I was aptly aroused by a grand clattering of pewter pots and clasped knives upon the table as Mr. Wiggins was knocked down for a song in an adjoining apartment.

At last I found myself fairly within arm's length of my friends, as I followed the girl in the curl-papers into the room, where as I understood they were to be seen: a sudden bustle, and an ejaculation of surprise and welcome, were the only evidences which the darkness of the place afforded me of their presence. There were, to be sure, two candles shedding a feeble light over a "miscellaneous lot" of tea-things, (which it did not appear that the nice Mrs. Weedings had condescended to put into operation,) but their dim rays never reached the wainscotting of the room—to grace and enliven which, as far as possible, the party of four had divided into as many sections, and taken up positions on the four sides.

Hardly staying to introduce me to his daughter and a relation, Mr. Weedings, with a face, humorously composed of vexation and of good nature, expressed his thanks for my coming, and his bewilderment and anger at having been so self-deceived as to get into so poor, he "might say miserable" an "hotel." Had we nothing better in London?

I gravely stated a conviction that something a shade or two more genteel *might* be found; offering to *try* more towards the west end; or if that were too distant for that evening, perhaps some inn more to their tastes might be found even in the City.

Though with the evidence of his senses to guide him, old Godfrey seemed very loathe to give up, entirely, that "famous inn," of which his father had always spoken so highly on occasion of his coronation visit, in the year 1761. That his father's haunts should have so sadly fallen off, was a stumbling block in his way. He could not comprehend it. London must have yielded to the pressure of the times, and be falling into decay. Thus he went on, and I found out that I must take the management of affairs into my own hands. Calling, therefore, for the bill, I laid it before my old friend, who grumbled in no very low key, at paying for beds in which no one *had* slept—in which nobody *could* have slept—and which very probably never existed. But as he had written up from the country, and ordered his accommodation, he must pay for it.

We left the house together, as soon as Job's coach was ready, Mr. Weedings stopping at the bar to look about him, and complain of everything; neither did the old gentleman escape without a finishing stroke of misfortune; for while pointing out to me, with some exultation, the row of bells already mentioned, he backed himself into a basket of pipes, and fell, grinding numerous gross to powder. From this fall and its penalty, he retired sorely discomfited.

When parting with Mr. Weedings late

that night, he promised to let me hear from him in all future exigencies; if any arrive, I shall not fail to take note of them, as landmarks and warning to all future adventurous country gentlemen. T. R.

Select Biography.

MADAME MALIBRAN DE DERIOT.

[We abridge the following Memoir from a *Tribute to the Departed Genius of the late Madame Malibran de Beriot*, recently published by Messrs. Mori and Lavenu. The narrative is brief but circumstantial, and in good taste. It is accompanied by a portrait of the lamented *cantatrice*, which, to our mind, is an excellent likeness. The Tribute is further enhanced by one of the most recent compositions of Malibran, to which are adapted some tributary Stanzas. The melody was kindly presented to the publishers some time since by Malibran, on one of her visits to this country: it has much of the expressive beauty and touching pathos which so often characterized the singing of the composer; qualities which render it peculiarly suitable to the present occasion; an appropriation which every one must deeply regret. As this *Tribute* is far from costly, we hope to see it cherished among all classes of admirers of poor Malibran's genius. It is painful, indeed, to reflect that one who but a short time since enraptured millions, has so sunk into the silent tomb, and that her notes of joy and grief are hushed in that drear and narrow home: but, it is alike consolatory to hope for her happiness in realms of endless bliss; and to feel assured by the recorded traits of her goodness, that there is reason for the hope that is in us.]

Maria Felicia, the eldest daughter of Senor Manuel Garcia, the once celebrated tenor singer of the Italian Opera, was born in Paris in 1808. When only eight years old, she was taken by her parents to London, where a residence of several years rendered her acquisition of the English tongue little other than a natural result. Nature and Art having alike combined to bestow upon her mutual favouritism, her destination was early decided, and Mademoiselle Garcia was first introduced to the public on the boards of the King's Theatre, in London, in the character of *Rosina*, in Il Barbiere di Siviglia, on the 7th of June, 1825, when only in her seventeenth year; and immediately secured that enviable popularity which so justly distinguished her various talents, through the whole of her subsequently splendid, yet brief career. In 1826, she accompanied her family to America, to assist in the novel attempt to establish the performance of Italian operas in that country. The first piece represented was Rossini's *Il Barbiere*, which was shortly followed by his *Otello*, the burden of the principal parts, (*Rosina* and *Desdemona*,) devolving on the youthful subject of our memoir. This was at New York, where the most lavish praises were accorded to her exertions; although the general undertaking, as a speculation, was not, we believe, at that time attended with the expected success. In that city, where her father's ill fortune plunged his family into severe difficulties, Mademoiselle Garcia, swayed by motives which admit of every inference in her favour, married Monsieur Malibran, a French banker and merchant, reputed to be a wealthy man; an ill-judged union, the sorrows of which, (as might naturally have been expected,) unhappily threw a deep and disastrous shade over this stage of her progress, and embittered no small portion of her after-life. The irregularities and imprudence of her husband speedily led to insolvency, notwithstanding her repeated sacrifices of her professional gains on his behalf, and he became a prisoner for debt; upon which she freely gave up to his creditors all claims arising out of the provisional settlements which he had made upon her as his wife, whose confidence in him, (her senior by more than twenty years,) had been so ill repaid.

A separation ensued, and Madame Malibran, whose fame had gone before her to the French capital, soon appeared in Paris, where she excited an immense interest.

From Paris she returned to London, where, being engaged at the King's Theatre, she shone with increased lustre through the brilliant season of 1829. Her principal characters were now *Rosina*, *Tancredi*, *Desdemona*, *Semiramide*, *Zerlina*, *Romeo*, and *Ninetta*; and it was about this time that she issued various musical compositions of her own, to which science and public taste have alike accorded the mark of favour.* The widely extended reputation of the fair *cantatrice* now occupied the attention of musical society throughout Europe, and the efforts of the directors of the theatres in the different countries to secure her great attraction were those of continued rivalry. She traversed immense distances to fulfil her numerous engagements, and her slight frame seemed endowed with a power of endurance, almost equal to the surprising heroism and ever-active readiness of a spirit, which no difficulty seemed able to appal. Her last engagement at Naples was for 80,000 francs and two benefits and a half for forty nights; while that upon which she had entered at Milan, with Duke Visconti, (the director of *La Scala*,) was, exclusive of other highly profitable stipulations, 450,000 francs for 185 performances.

In the spring of 1834, Madame Malibran was gathering fresh laurels at Rome, where she gave a concert for the benefit of a family in a state of extreme indigence, which realized for them the sum of 600 pieces of gold. In the May of the same year, she made her memorable *debut* at Milan, in the character of *Norma*, with astonishing *eclat*. The excitement of her auditors was extraordinary; each time she quitted the stage she was required to

* *Pensees de Malibran*; a Collection of Romances, Tyrolieness, and Notturnos, for one and two voices. Published by Mori and Lavenu.

re-appear to receive fresh applause, and the authority of the police was of necessity resorted to, to quell the tumult; which, however, only subsided on the interposition of the chief authorities of the city. It was here that a medal, in honour of her excelling talents, was struck by the sculptor, Valerio Nesti, bearing her likeness, with the motto on the reverse, "*Per universale consenso proclamata mirabile nell' azione e nel canto.*" Her subsequent stay at Venice was concluded with a charitable action. The proprietor of the *Teatro Emeronnitio*, had requested her to sing once at his theatre.—"I will," answered she, "but on the condition that not a word is said about remuneration" The poor man was saved from ruin. The character she took was *Amina*, in *La Somnambula;* she was visited by throngs, and the storm of applause lasted a full half-hour; a vast multitude afterwards followed her home, and surrounded her residence, whose enthusiasm arose almost to infatuation. The *Teatro Emeronnitio* is now called *Teatro Garcia.*

We next find this indefatigable and extraordinary woman at Naples, whence she revisited Paris, where renewed admiration and homage, added to immense profits, marked every step of her career, and then proceeded to fulfil her engagements in England, for the season of 1835. Madame Malibran's first appearance in the English version of *La Somnambula*, which took place at Covent Garden Theatre, on the 18th of May, created a great sensation in the dramatic world. The manner in which she acquitted herself can never be forgotten by those who witnessed a performance, the complete success of which has induced so many untiring repetitions.

The character of *Amina* was shortly followed by that of *Fidelio*, and the language of eulogy seemed exhausted in acknowledging the transcendent merits of the actress and the singer. Her toil must have been at this time immense, through the variety of calls upon her exertions, from the number of professors requiring her aid at concerts, and the overwhelming invitations to assist at the royal and noble parties of the season, exclusive of the engagements made for her at considerable distances from town; but her nerve and spirit were regarded as unquenchable, all her efforts were justly ranked as new achievements, and her popularity amongst us seemed to know no bounds.

It was during her next sojourn in Milan, that she heard of the premature and lamented death of Vincenzo Bellini, who expired at Paris, on the 23rd of September, 1835: sensibly affected at the loss of the young composer, she immediately caused a subscription to be opened there for a tribute to his memory, the list of which, through her exertions, was speedily covered with signatures, at the head of which her own name was affixed for 400 francs: on exactly the same day and month, in the following year, she herself ceased to exist.

In the month of March, 1836, Madame Malibran, who was then in Paris, and freed by the French courts from the bondage of her union with Monsieur Malibran, was married to Monsieur de Beriot, a Belgian by birth, whose surpassing ability as a violinist, has placed him in the highest rank of his profession. On this occasion, the Queen of the French presented to her a magnificent *agraffe*, adorned with pearls. On the 2nd of May following, Madame de Beriot resumed her English performances at Drury Lane Theatre, and on the 27th of the same month, appeared in the new character of Isolina, in Balfe's opera of the *The Maid of Artois*, which, owing to her exertions, obtained the highest success. At the close of the season, she accompanied her husband to Brussels and other cities on the Continent, where her progress was but another succession of triumphs.

The closing and disastrous scene of her strangely coloured history now draws nigh. The services of Monsieur and Madame de Beriot having been engaged for the Manchester Grand Musical Festival of the present year, they arrived in that town, after a rapid journey from Paris, on Sunday the 11th of September. On the Monday evening, she went through the fatigue of singing no less than fourteen pieces with her Italian friends. She was ill on Tuesday, but she insisted upon singing both morning and evening, lest her illness should be reported to be only feigned. On Wednesday, her indisposition was still more evident, but she gave the last sacred composition she ever sang. "*Sing ye to the Lord!*" with thrilling effect; and on that evening, the 14th, her last notes in public were heard—it was in the duet, "*Vanne se alberghi in petto,*" from *Andronico*, with Madame Caradori Allan. It was received with immense applause, and the last movement encored. She did repeat it, but it was a desperate struggle against sinking nature; it was the last vivid glance of the expiring lamp—she never sang afterwards. The house rang with animated cheering—hats and handkerchiefs were waving—but the victim of excitement, whilst the echoes were in her ears, sank exhausted after leaving the orchestra, and her vocal career was terminated. She was bled, and removed to her apartments at the Mosley Arms; where, after nine days' suffering, she expired of a nervous fever, at precisely twenty minutes before twelve o'clock, on Friday night. M. De Beriot, on receiving the announcement of his calamitous loss, fainted, and was in a very painful state of distraction for some time after his restoration to sensibility; but,

under what influence we cannot undertake to say, he never entered the chamber, or saw the body of his deceased wife again. He was so reduced in strength that he could scarcely stand, and was supported to the carriage in which he quitted Manchester within two hous after her decease.

* "From the commencement of her illness she was attended by Dr. Bardsley and Mr. Worthington, and on Sunday morning, the 18th of September, it was hoped by those gentlemen, that by long quiet and perfect repose, she might after some time be restored to health. On the evening of the same day, Dr. Belluomini, who had long had the confidence of Madame Malibran de Beriot, and had been expressly sent for, arrived; when Dr. Bardsley and Mr. Worthington were informed their services would be no longer required. It appears, however, before they took their final leave, they communicated to Dr. Belluomini the manner in which they had treated their patient; and that Dr. Belluomini intimated to them, that his system, (homœopathics,) being totally opposed to theirs, he could not derive any benefit from a consultation with them. From that period it was hoped that all was going on well, until Friday, the 23rd instant, when Mr. Beale, Mr. Ewart, and Mr. Willert, who are all members of the committee, learned that she was in imminent danger. Mr. Ewart was a witness to the last sad scene of her sufferings, which terminated about twenty minutes before twelve; and some time afterwards, he saw Dr. Belluomini depart in a coach and pair, taking with him Monsieur de Beriot, who immediately proceeded to London for Brussels."

Thus died this celebrated woman, of whose excellence as an actress and singer it is now distressing to write, for we may never look upon her like again. A remarkable combination of fine qualities rendered Madame Malibran de Beriot the wonder of all who saw and heard her. Her mental conceptions were of the highest order, while in the demonstrative and executive parts of her art, in the exercise of faculties of the most rare and exciting nature, she has never been surpassed.

Her voice was a contr'alto, in character, but it extended to a range that was astonishing; she could descend to F and E flat below the lower C in the treble clef, and reach C and D in alt. Her genius, her capabilities, her dauntless energy, her unceasing industry, were all alike surprising. In the words of an eminent critic, "She had all the endowment, all the acquisition, and above both, all the devotion and concentration of mind, common to those strong and gifted individuals who rise to pre-eminence, whatever the nature of their pursuits." Amongst her many accomplishments, she was not only a graceful dancer, but the skill and taste in painting that she possessed, would have alone served to lead her to distinction. She has been heard to sing in one evening in six different languages, in social circles comprising the best judges of her different attainments, and with unqualified admiration. In the apt and beautiful phrase of our own great bard,

Whate'er she did, still better'd what was done.

In private society her loss will be long and deeply felt; in public, it is irreparable.

[The remains of Madame Malibran were deposited in the Collegiate Church at Manchester, on Saturday, October 1, attended by the principal authorities and gentry of the town and neighbourhood.]

* From the Report of the Committee appointed to inquire into the circumstances of Madame Malibran's death.

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New Books.

THE JUVENILE EVERY-DAY BOOK.

[This little, square volume, with embossed robe and golden edges, is a "treasury of Entertainment and Instruction, for Young Persons," and it is hoped will be an agreeable companion for youth, to be consulted with pleasure and profit every day in the year. It has not, however, the calendarial features of Mr. Hone's *Every-day Book*, nor its interesting antiquarian lore; but our *Juvenile* book rather seizes upon points of information and knowledge likely to impress youth by its attractive character, and benefit them by its utility. It is, however, divided into twelve sections, one for each month; in each being a brief sketch of the natural history of the month, that is, its appearance out of doors. Next is a narrative of some great event that has occurred in the month, in the history of our country: here and there are curiosities of nature and art, described from the accounts of modern travellers: then too are biographies of persons eminent for their good example: pleasing poetry, maxims, and short observations which can easily be committed to memory, are likewise scattered throughout the work; the whole being enriched with five score of Engravings. Now that the *Annual* folks are walking forth in silk, velvet, morocco, and gold, we may be allowed to introduce our *Perennial*, as a Christmas present, or a New Year's Gift. We will just quote a specimen or two of the letter-press and cuts, though the latter are not average specimens. The subjects, it will be seen, are of untiring curiosity.]

Early Houses in Britain.

Our most ancient dwellings appear to have resembled the huts which we see to this day upon commons, and in some small villages.

The walls consisted of stakes and wattlings, filled in with clay or moss; and the roofs were formed with boughs of trees, thatched with reeds or straw, as a security against the weather. Afterwards, some houses were built by laying some large stones on each other, without mortar between them. Other houses or huts were built of wood, of circular form, with roofs rising almost to a point; at the top or centre of which was an opening to admit the light and let out the smoke. One of these houses is shown in the Engraving: it resembles the large tea-canisters in grocers' shops, with the lid off, for the light and smoke: there are no windows, but the doors being lofty, admit much light and air.

(Ancient British House.)

The foundations of some of the ancient British houses were of stone, of which there are yet to be found remains in certain parts of the British islands. Thus, we see that what was a mansion for the ancient Britons, and served the noblest of our ancestors for withdrawing-rooms, parlours, and similar apartments, would, if built entirely of stone, make a good, though probably small, tile-kiln of the present day. And, before the Romans invaded this country, our towns and cities were merely assemblages of huts, in a tract of woody country, surrounded by a mound or ditch for the security of the Britons and their cattle.

The Romans brought with them architects, sculptors, and painters, and built many superb villas and palaces, as the discovery of beautiful pavements, or floors, to this day testify.

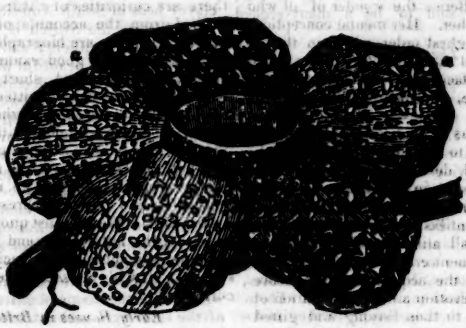
The Saxons were the next builders; though they were so harassed by war, that they reared few large structures which were not more calculated for defence than comfort. Such were their castles, or round towers, to the chambers of which light and air were only admitted through long, narrow loopholes. Yet the people generally lived in mean houses, such as the Engraving re-

(Ancient British House.)

presents. Here the upper rooms only are lit by windows; there is no appearance of chimneys; the doorway is at one end of the house, and reaches half the whole height, and above it are windows, showing there to have been rooms corresponding with our garrets. On one side is a low shed or wing, apparently built with large stones, and roofed, like the house, with semicircular slabs, or, probably, shingles, such as we, to this day, see on church spires.

The Largest Flower.

One of the advantages of travelling in



(The Largest Flower.)

countries far distant from our own is the enlargement of our knowledge of the beautiful productions of the vegetable kingdom. In this manner, we first became acquainted with the magnificent flower we are about to describe, the existence of which was unknown in England twenty years since.

The plant which bears this flower grows in Sumatra, a large island in Asia. It is named *Rafflesia*, in honour of the late Sir Stamford Raffles, governor of Sumatra; it is likewise called *Arnoldii*, in memory of Dr. Arnold, who discovered the plant in the year 1818. It is one of the most extraordinary of vegetable productions, and a parasite; that is, it grows upon other plants, as the mistletoe in our own country, and is generally found on the roots and stems of immense climbers, usually of the vine kind, which are attached, like cables, to the largest trees in the forest.

The flower is the whole plant, there being neither leaves, roots, nor a stem. The breadth of a full-grown flower, as in the Engraving, exceeds three feet; the petals, *a a*, measure 12 inches long, and it is about one foot from the insertion of one petal to the opposite one; what is considered the nectarium, *b*, would hold 12 pints, or a gallon and a half, and the weight of the whole is calculated to be about 15 lbs.—This flower, fully blown, was discovered growing close to the ground, under some bushes, with a swarm of flies hovering over the nectary, and apparently laying their eggs in its substance. The colour of the five petals is a brick red, covered with protuberances of a yellowish white. Its smell is that of tainted beef. Its first appearance is that of a round knob, which, when cut through, exhibits the infant flower enveloped in numerous sheaths, which successively open and wither away as the flower enlarges. It takes three months from the first appearance of the bud to the full expansion of the flower. The fruit is said to be a many-seeded berry.

The First Ship.

In the swamps along the borders of the river Nile, grows a reedy plant called Papyrus, which, in past ages, furnished the paper of the ancient Egyptians. It was made by pressing the fibres of the plant together in layers, and drying them in the sun, as has been concluded from examining specimens of this paper. The uses of the papyrus were, however, by no means, confined to the making of paper. We find mention of ships, and boats or canoes being made of papyrus in Exodus, Job, Isaiah, Herodotus, Pliny, and other ancient writers. Theophrastus says, that, in Egypt, "they make boats of the papyrus, and weave both sails and ropes of the bark." Pliny states the same: "of the papyrus itself, they make

(Boat made of the Papyrus plant.)

sailing vessels." Again, he mentions "papyrine ships and equipments of the Nile;" and, in another place, he says "*ships were first invented from papyrus in the Nile in Egypt.*"

Herodotus, (the most ancient of the Greek historians whose writings are extant,) describes the Egyptian method of building the ancient ships of burthen which were commonly used on the Nile; cutting planks from the thorn-tree, they place them together like bricks, and bind them around thick and long stakes; they then fill up the joints on the inside with papyrus, they make a rudder, which passes through the keel: and they have a mast formed of the thorn-tree, and sails of the papyrus. Such boats are made to this day. Although they resemble baskets in their appearance, they are of great utility, and, indeed, are the only kind known in Abyssinia.

Feathers and Diamonds.

How curious it is to reflect in what manner are obtained these superb additions to the dress of the rich. The feathers are plucked from an unclean bird; and the diamonds are washed by poor slaves from clayey beds in South America.

In Africa, the ostrich is hunted for the sake of these feathers; and a traveller observes: "Those beautiful plumes, destined possibly hereafter to decorate the head of some elegant beauty, and wave in the drawing-room, are those seen fluttering in the wind, and rudely hurrying over the desert." Nearly one thousand pounds weight of ostrich feathers have been imported into England in one year; but the finest feathers are obtained from the domesticated bird, (such as we see in our Zoological Gardens,) from the wings and tail of which they are cut about thrice in two years.

Many persons have contented themselves with seeing the diamond glitter in the crown of the sovereign, without knowing or seeking the natural or even the commercial history of this extraordinary production. The tales we hear of its lustre do not overrate its

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value. In the countries where diamonds are found, they are sold in small bags, sealed up, so that to the purchaser it is a complete chance. The sums at which fine diamonds are valued would be handsome fortunes.

Spirit of Discovery.

ARTIFICIAL CRYSTALS AND MINERALS.

[One of the most striking incidents of the late meeting of the British Association at Bristol, occurred in Section C., Geology and Geography, and is briefly reported as follows, in Professor Jameson's *Journal*.]

A. Crosse, Esq. of Broomfield, Somerset, came forward, and stated, that he came to Bristol to be a listener only, and with no idea he should be called upon to address a section. He was no geologist, and but little of a mineralogist; he had, however, devoted much of his time to electricity, and he had latterly been occupied in improvements in the voltaic power, by which he had succeeded in keeping it in full force for twelve months by water alone, rejecting acids entirely. Mr. C. then proceeded to state, that having observed in a cavern in the Quantock Hills near his residence, that part of it which consisted of slate was studded with crystals of *arragonite*, while the limestone part was covered with crystals of *calcareous spar*, he subjected portions of each of these substances in water, to long continued galvanic action (ten days' action), and obtained from the slate crystals of arragonite, from the limestone crystals of calcareous spar. In order to ascertain if light had any influence in the process, he tried it again in a dark cellar, and produced similar crystals in six days, with one-fourth of the whole voltaic power. He had repeated the experiments a hundred times, and always with the same results. He was fully convinced that it was possible to make even diamonds, and that at no distant period every kind of mineral would be formed by the ingenuity of man. By variations of his experiments he had obtained crystallized quartz, the blue and green carbonates of copper, chrysocolla, phosphate of copper, arseniate of copper, acicular carbonate of lead, sulphate of lead, sulphuret of iron, white antimony, and many other minerals.

[Mr. Crosse then invited all who chose to visit his retreat in the Quantock Hills, where he would show them his apparatus and experiments. One of the first to accept this invitation was Sir Richard Phillips, a paper descriptive of whose visit was read at a recent *conversazione* of the Sussex Institution, at Brighton, and subsequently communicated by Sir Richard to the *Brighton Herald*. From this very interesting paper, the following is an extract:—]

The originality of the circumstance (says Sir Richard) determined me at once to accept his invitation; and the day after that on which the business of the Association was finished, I proceeded to Bridgewater, from which Broomfield is distant about eight miles in the hill country. On reaching the handsome mansion of Mr. Crosse, situated in an undulating park, studded with trees of great bulk and age, I was received with much politeness, and found that I was the first visiter from Bristol. As I was preparing to retain my conveyance to convey me back to Bridgewater, I was requested to return it, and pressed to stay to dinner and take a bed. Breakfast being well served, Mr. Crosse then conducted me into a large and lofty apartment, built for a music-room, with a capital organ in the gallery; but I could look at nothing but the seven or eight tables which filled the area of the room, covered with extensive voltaic batteries of all forms, sizes, and extents. They resembled battalions of soldiers in exact rank and file, and seemed innumerable. They were in many forms; some in porcelain troughs of the usual construction, some like the *couronnee des tasses*, others cylindrical, some in pairs of glass vessels, with double metallic cylinders: besides these, others of glass jars, with stripes of copper and zinc. Altogether there were 500 voltaic pairs at work in this great room; and in other rooms about 500 more. There were, besides, other 500 ready for new experiments. It seemed like a great magazine for voltaic purposes. There are also two large workshops, with furnaces, tools, and implements of all descriptions, as much as would load two or three wagons. In the great room there is also a very large electrical machine, with a 20-inch cylinder, and a smaller one; and in several cases all the apparatus in perfect condition, as described in the best books on electricity. The prime conductor stood on glass legs, two feet high, and there was a medical discharger on a glass leg of five feet. Nothing could be in finer order; and no private electrician in the world could, perhaps, show a greater variety, both for experiments and amusement. Beneath the mahogany cover of a table, on which stood the prime conductor, &c., was inclosed a magnificent battery of 50 jars, comprising 73 square feet of coating. Its construction, by Cuthbertson, was in all respects most perfect. To charge it required 250 vigorous turns of the wheel, and its discharge made a report as loud as a blunderbuss. It fuses and disperses wires of various metals; and the walls of the apartment are covered with framed impressions of the radiations from the explosion taken at sundry periods. Mr. Crosse struck one while I was present, and he has promised me one as an electrical curiosity, and a memento of my visit. But Mr. Crosse's greatest electrical curiosity, was his apparatus

for measuring, collecting, and operating with, atmospheric electricity. He collects it by wires, of the 16th of an inch, extended from elevated poles to poles, or from trees to trees, in his grounds and park. The wires are insulated by means of glass tubes well contrived for the purpose. At present, he has about a quarter of a mile of wire spread abroad, and in general about a third of a mile. A French gentleman had reported to the section at Bristol, that the wires extended twenty miles, filling the entire neighbourhood with thunder and lightning, to the great terror of the peasantry, who, in consequence, left Mr. Crosse in the full enjoyment of his game and rabbits. This exaggeration Mr. Crosse laughed at most heartily, though he acknowledged that he knew that no small terror prevailed in regard to him and his experiments. The wires are connected with an apparatus in a window of his organ gallery, which may be detached at pleasure, when too violent, by simply turning an insulated lever; but in moderate strength, it may be conducted to a ball suspended over the great battery, which, connected with it, is charged rapidly, and is then discharged by means of an universal discharger. He told me that sometimes the current was so great as to charge and discharge the great battery twenty times in a minute, with reports as loud as cannon, which, being continuous, were so terrible to strangers, that they always fled, while every one expected the destruction of himself and premises. He was, however, he said, used to it, and knew how to manage and control it; but when it got into a passion, he coolly turned his insulating lever, and conducted the lightning into the ground. It was a damp day, and we regretted that our courage could not be put to the test. Everything about this part of Mr. Crosse's apparatus is perfect, and much of it his own contrivance, for he is clever in all mechanical arrangements, and has been unwearied in his application, almost night and day, for thirty years past. I learned, too, that in the purchase and fitting of his apparatus, he has expended nearly 3,000*l.*, although, in most cases, he is his own manipulator, carpenter, smith, copper-smith, &c.

About twelve Professor Sedgwick arrived, and in the afternoon one or two others, besides seven or eight gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who had been invited to meet us at dinner, for Mr. Crosse unites to the rank of esquire that of a county magistrate, in the duties of which he is respected alike for his humanity to the poor, and for his liberal opinions in politics. Mrs. Crosse I had not the pleasure of seeing, one of the sons being ill. Mr. Crosse himself was educated at Oxford, and his second son holds the living of Broomfield. He is master of all his father's experiments, and, in spite of the complaints of an Oxford education, I found him to be a very expert mathematician, well read, and variously accomplished.

At seven o'clock we enjoyed a dinner, as well served as I ever saw any state-dinner in London; and beds being reserved for Professor Sedgwick and myself, we next morning renewed our survey, previous to fresh arrivals; and I took notes of everything connected with his aqueous voltaic batteries, in the following order, errors excepted:—

1. A battery of 100 pairs, of 25 square inches, charged like all the rest with water, operating on cups containing one ounce of carbonate of barytes and powdered sulphate of alumine, intended to form sulphate of barytes at the positive pole, and crystals of alumine at the negative.—2. A battery of 11 cylindrical pairs, 12 inches by 4. This, by operating six months on fluate of silver, had produced large hexhaedral crystals at the negative pole, and crystals of silica and chalcedony at the positive.—3. A battery of 100 pairs, of 4 square inches, operating on slate 833, and platina 3, to produce hexagonal crystals at the positive pole.—4. A battery of 100 pairs, 5 inches square, operating on nitrate of silver and copper, to produce malachite at the positive pole; at the negative pole, crystals already appear with decided angles and facets.—5. A battery of 16 pairs, of 2 inches, in small glass jars, acting on a weak solution of nitrate of silver, and already producing a compact vegetation of native silver.—6. A battery, esteemed his best, of 813 pairs, 5 inches, insulated on glass plates on deal bars, coated with cement, and so slightly oxydated by water as to require cleaning but once or twice a year by pumping on them. I felt the effect of 458 pairs in careless order, and imperfectly liquidated, and they gave only some tinglings of the fingers; but this power, in a few weeks, produces decided effects.—7. A battery of 12 pairs, 25 inches zinc, and 36 copper, charged two months before with water, and acting on a solution of nitrate of silver, poured on green bottle-glass, coarsely powdered. It had already produced a vegetation of silver at the positive pole.—8. A battery of 159 galley-pots, with semicircular plates of 1¼ inch radius, placed on glass plates, and acting for five months, through a small piece of Bridgewater porous brick, on a solution of silex and potash. I saw at the poles small crystals of quartz.—9. A battery of 30 pairs, similar to No. 8, acting since July 27, on a mixture, in a mortar, of sulphate of lead, of white oxide, of antimony, of sulphate of copper, and of green sulphate of iron (205 grains), and three times the whole of green bottle-glass (615 grains). The result has been, in five weeks, a precipitation, on the negative wire, of pure copper in two days, and crystallized iron pyrites in four days. It had been expected to produce

sulphurets of lead, copper, and antimony, by depriving the sulphates of their oxygen. On August 10th and 28th, 25 grains and 40 grains of sulphate of iron were added.—10. A battery of five jars, with plates of different metals, as two copper and platina, one of lead, and one silver and iron, and one copper and lead.—Experimental.—11, 12, and 13. About 200 pairs in three batteries, working in a dark room, of which I took no note.—*Quoted in the Literary Gazette.*

The Public Journals.

HOW TO DECEIVE TWO THIEVES.

HARLEY's assumption of idiocy is the most perfect thing we have ever witnessed on or off the stage; it is the most imposing—we say imposing, for it once actually imposed upon two thieves,—regular professional, well-armed thieves, who stopped and plundered the supposed sensible part of the contents of a certain leathern convenience, called a Yorkshire stage-coach, in which our whimsical friend (*young* Harley then) was taking his annual Thespian journey from Wakefield to Hull—Oily Hull! as gentlemen with sensitive olfactories facetiously term it. It was but a few years after our quicksilver votary of the sock entered into the profession which he has since adorned, as much by his private conduct as by his professional talent. We will give our readers the story, but premise that a written account must fall very far short of his verbal one, with the potent adjuncts of his irresistible grin and chuckle, for, in story telling, he always "suits the action to the word, and the word to the action, with this especial observance," that he is sure to keep his hearers in a roar of laughter, whether they will or not; such is the power he has over the cachinnatory nerves of his convivial friends.

'Twas dark December; "the rain and wind beat high," as Lady Randolph observed when she lost her child:—'twas the same month and nearly the same sort of weather, when Harley would have lost his purse, had not his now celebrated grin (a grin that then was little known to the great world) preserved it from the reckless spoiler's grasp.

It is now rather more than a quarter of a century ago,—'twas at that dull period when the idea of steam vehicles running on railroads for the convenience of the general traveller's rapid transit, was supposed to be a mere chimera in the disordered brain of some scientific enthusiasts;—'twas at that dull period that a lumbering, slow-going stage-coach was seen wending its way from the western side of bonny Yorkshire towards that famous emporium of swamps and whale-blubber, denominated in the county maps as Kingston-upon-Hull. Within this capacious machine sat a pale, thin young man, "*avec une grande bouche*, and teeth to match!" He had been recently invested with the fool's cap and bells, and had been doing Momus through the circuit of that somewhat extensive county of York. This pale, thin young man was Harley, soon to become one of the principal comedians on the metropolitan boards. Opposite to him was deposited the capacious and well-wrapped-up body of a fat and wealthy clothier of Wakefield, who rejoiced in the appellation of Jeremiah Dobs. They were the only passengers; and such an unmatched pair were never before jostled together, even in a stage-coach. Dobs confessed that he knew nothing of either Mol-pommony or Thelyar, except that he had read their names in the London papers, as having been brought up to Bow-street for obtaining money under false pretences in Drury-lane. Harley sighed at Dobs's want of taste, and Dobs laughed at Harley's ignorance, when he confessed that he knew very little of wool and less of dying, except at the end of a five-act tragedy! Dobs had a hint from Morpheus; the hint was soon taken, and the gentle Jeremiah reposed in his arms: not so fortunate was Harley. So coy a dame was sleep to him that he could not once win her to his wishes; to be sure, it would have been rather wonderful if he had, considering the loud key in which his opposite neighbour, the fat and gentle Jeremiah, pitched his indomitable snore. Harley bore the horrid sounds for some time with that Christian fortitude for which he has always been proverbial. But a whole hour's repetition in every note in the gamut was too much even for his meekness; at length there came a sound so dire, so dreadful! "Hang it!" cried the philosophic Harley, "this won't do—no. There is a point where patience ceases to be a virtue, and this is that point." He was roused; therefore he resolved to rouse his tormentor; and placing the heel of his boot, as nearly as he could calculate, upon the great toe of the snoring manufacturer of broad cloth, he raised himself up to a position which left the whole weight of his slim body upon the aforesaid toe.

The pressure was felt—the snoring ceased. Jeremiah writhed, and Jeremiah groaned a curse or two, then slept again. At this time they were passing across the skirts of a dark and dreary common, where even a Ratcliffe romance-bitten traveller, in search of the sublimely horrible, might very justly suppose that the murderer lurked like a ravening wolf, ready to pounce upon his prey! Harley was just getting up his bile for another assault upon his snoring tormentor's great toe, when a firm, but not loud, authoritative "Stop!" was heard through the whistling wind: it was given in a deep, gruff voice:—"Stop!" cried a second thief; to which was added, a potent threat of sending the gentleman who

managed the reigns to a warmer place than a wet coach-box on a Yorkshire common on a bleak December night, therefore, as in safety bound, coachey stopped *instanter*. When the first cry of "Stop!" struck on Harley's ear, his digits, as if by instinct, fixed on his purse, for it contained his all, the savings of two hard-earned benefits. The purse, conscious of approaching danger, flew from his pocket as if by magic, and concealed itself in the vacuum between the collar of his coat and the collar of his neck. At that instant the coach-doors were forced, and on each side a large, brass pistol was seen, the holder of one of which weapons, intruding his craped visage, growled in a *sotto voce*, "Your money—quick!" at which Harley, now prepared to act his part, put on his idiotic stare, his ponderous jaws distended, and he grinned, and smiled, and nodded; but such "nods and wreathed smiles" only enraged the impatient thief, who, placing the pistol to the mimic's laughing face, cried, "Your money—hang your grinning—your money or your life."

"Money!" laughed out the pretended fool in his best idiotic style; and, shaking his head like a mandarin on a chimney-piece, shouted, "Muney! Bobby never no money:—Nunky pays for Bobby," (pointing to the still snoring Jeremiah Dobs, at the same time kicking his shins, and in a screaming key bawling loud enough to wake anything but a sleeping Wakefield clothier,) "Nunky! Nunky! poor man w nts money, Nunky!—poor man wants money, Nunky!—give poor man money, Nunky!" the robber stared, then withdrawing his pistol from the wide-extended mouth of Harley, said to his thieving colleague, "Why, Tom, I say, this chap's a spoony!—come, quick!—draw the old one." A rough, back-handed blow on the loud-pealing nasal promontory of the gentle Jeremiah, soon brought him to a knowledge of "his unfortunate whereabouts." He was soon sufficiently awake to see that two robbers were before him, each with a pistol to his breast: when finding that his rhetoric could not overcome such powerful and striking arguments, and hearing his apparently idiotic fellow-traveller, though not fellow-sufferer, continue chuckling, grinning, and bawling, "Nunky pays for Bobby!—Nunky pays for Bobby!" he made a merit of necessity, and resigned watch, purse, and pocket book, into the ruthless spoiler's hands, who had no sooner realized, than they vanished from his sight; which done, "Harley was himself again:" within his nether garment's pouch he replaced his darling cash—cash now doubly prized, as doubly won; for it was the first sum that in his then early life he had ever saved, first by his frugality, now by his ingenuity; and well he merited the pleasures it since has purchased him.

They reached Hull to breakfast: the comedian in due time chuckled, and grinned, and told the tale at so many convivial boards, that soon all Yorkshire knew it, and the ears of the unfortunate Jeremiah Dobs was saluted until the day of his death with the fatal sounds of "Nunky pays for all."*—*Metropolitan.*

TASTE AND SMELL.

The remembrances of the sensations both of taste and smell are extremely distinct—though some writers have asserted the contrary. This is certain, that the recognition of tastes and smells is instantaneous; and that could not be without a strong and distinct remembrance of the original sensation. The odour of a rose is as distinctly remembered as its colour—and so are all the odours of external nature. John Fearn, in his Essay on Consciousness, while explaining the causes which give strength and durability to ideas of sensation, observes, that the senses of taste and smell are less frequently "the harbingers of pleasures and pains" than those of hearing and sight,—and that therefore the ideas left by them must depend, less upon association for their durability, than upon the absolute degrees of pleasure or pain. He avers that a vivid pain or pleasure from either of them is never forgotten—nor rendered doubtful—and he even goes so far as to affirm, "that there is no doubt that a man will come to forget his acquaintance, and many other visible objects, noticed in mature age, before he will in the least forget tastes and smells, of only moderate interest, encountered either in his childhood, or at any time since." This opinion he goes on to illustrate thus:—

"In the course of voyaging to various distant countries, it has several times happened, that I have eaten, once or twice, of different things that never came in my way before nor since. Some of them have been pleasant—and some scarce better than insipid; but I have no reason to think I have forgotten, or much altered the ideas left by those single impulses of taste; though here the memory of them has certainly not been preserved by repetition of the sensual vibrations. It is clear I must have seen, as well as tasted, those things; and I am decided that I remember the tastes with more precision than I do the visual sensation had with them. I remember having once, and once only, eaten kangaroo in New Holland—and having once smelled a baker's shop, having a peculiar odour, in the city of Bassorah. Now both these gross ideas remain with me quite as vivid as any visual ideas of those places; and this could not be from repetition of vibration, but really

* We are much obliged to our friend, the author, for discovering the paternity of this somewhat venerable anecdote.

from interest in the sensation. Twenty-eight years ago, in the island of Jamaica, I partook (perhaps twice) of a certain fruit, of the taste of which I have now a very fresh idea—and I could add other instances of that period. I have had repeated proofs of having lost retention of visual objects, at various distances of times—though they had once been familiar. I have not, during thirty years, forgot the delicate and in itself most trifling sensation, that the palm of the hand used to convey when I was a boy, trying the different effects of what boys call light and heavy tops; but I cannot remember within several shades of the brown coat which I left off last week. If any man thinks he can do better—let him take an ideal survey of his wardrobe, and then actually refer to it for proof."—From the *Metaphysicians*, a series of clever papers in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

The Naturalist.

NOTES ON SOME MODERN NATURAL HISTORY WORKS.

12. *Popular Zoology.*

(*Continued from page* 23.)

British Rat, (p. 45.)—"The black rat, (*Mus rattus*,) was very abundant in England, but is supposed to have been driven away by the brown rat, (*Mus decumanus*.)"

Dr. Fleming is of opinion that the cause of the black rats, which are the true British rats, having become so scarce, is the more general use of tiles and slates on house-tops, instead of thatch. But whichever supposition be the right one, it certainly does seem, that wherever the brown rat, which is improperly called the Norway rat, has appeared, the indigenous species have become fewer in number, if not totally disappeared. (See more on this subject in Mr. Fennell's paper on the Extermination of Animals, in *Field Naturalist*, vol. ii., p. 192.)

Elephants dancing on a rope, (p. 237.)—We know not what can justify the editor of the work before us, in regarding as mere falsehoods "the miraculous stories of elephants dancing upon ropes as recorded by Pliny and Suetonius."

Others besides Pliny and Suetonius declare such performances to have taken place, as will be seen in the following extract from a very interesting and copious history of the elephant:—"According to Pliny, at the spectacles given to Germanicus, it was not an uncommon thing to see elephants * * * dance upon a rope, their steps being so practised and certain, that four of them traversed the rope, bearing a litter which contained one of their companions who feigned to be sick.* This feat of dancing or walking upon a rope, might, perhaps, be doubted, if it rested merely upon the testimony of a single author; but *the practice is confirmed by many ancient writers of authority*, who agree with Pliny, that the elephants trained at Rome would not only walk along a rope forward, but retire backward with equal precision. Seneca describes an elephant who, at the command of his African keeper, would kneel down, and walk upon a rope.† Suetonius also mentions that an elephant, in the presence of the emperor Galba, climbed up an inclined rope to the roof of the theatre, and descended in the same way, bearing a sitter.‡

Dion gives a similar testimony to the extraordinary power of so heavy an animal to walk along a rope without a balance—a docility which is the more wonderful when we bear in mind, that one of the strongest instincts which the elephant possesses is that which impels him to experiment upon the stability of every surface which he is required to cross, before he will trust his body to the chance of breaking down the support which is prepared for him. The yielding rope must have called this instinct into action; although it should be observed that the elephant will pass a bridge which vibrates, when nothing will induce him to set foot upon one whose tottering condition manifests its insecurity.§ It may a little abate our surprise at the rope-dancing faculty of the elephant, when we learn that a horse has exhibited the same performance. At the solemnities which attended the wedding of Robert, brother to the King of France, in 1237, a horse was ridden along a rope."‖—(*Menageries*, ii., 11.)

Elephant Fight, (p. 246.)—It is to be regretted that books on natural history, written for popular *instruction*, and particularly those intended for young persons, are so replete with accounts of battles between animals provoked to fight by man. We believe that few subjects are more calculated to humanize the mind than natural history properly so called; but if it be adulterated with accounts of fights between animals, got up by, and for the sport of, man, it will certainly possess in some degree a brutalizing tendency. In this work, we have an account of a fight, a very unmatched one too, got up between some elephants and a tiger, furnishing no new feature whatever in the natural history of either, but only a proof of the savageness of those who projected it.—"The tiger," we are told, was bound to a stake in the centre of the plain, the claws being torn out, and his lips being stitched

* "Plinii Nat. Hist., lib. viii., c. 2. It is difficult to understand how the elephants could carry a litter without walking along two parallel ropes. The text of Pliny gives no elucidation on this point.

† Epist. 86. ‡ Suetonius in Galba, cap. vi.

§ Williamson's Field Sports.

‖ Leibnitz, Accessiones Historicæ, quoted in Beckmann, vol. iii.

together."—We need not write our reflections on this act of shameful cruelty, for we feel assured that it will create in the minds of our readers only one feeling, and that of disgust. If such accounts as these are to be published, let them find place only in the magazines of dog-fighters, badger-baiters, &c. The natural and voluntary fights of animals are, of course, excepted from our objections.

Otter, (p. 249.)—"Hunting and spearing the otter was formerly a favourite pastime in Britain. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, packs of hounds were kept for this purpose. The present Duke of Buccleugh has some braces of otter-hounds."

"It has always been a fancy of mine," says Bishop Heber, "that the poor creatures whom we waste, and persecute to death for no cause, but the gratification of our cruelty, might by reasonable treatment be made the sources of abundant amusement and advantage to us. The simple Hindoos show here, (in employing otters trained to fish,) a better taste and judgment than half the otter-hunting and badger-baiting gentry of England." J. H. F.

The Gatherer.

Destinies of royal persons since 1789, the commencement of the French Revolutions:—

Crimes or Assassinations against the person.

Gustavus III., King of Sweden	1792
Louis XVI.	1793
Marie Antoinette	1793
The Dauphin, their Son	1793
Madame Elizabeth	1794
The Duc d'Orleans	1794
Paul I., Emperor of Russia	1803
The Duc d'Enghien	1804
The Duc de Berry	1820
The Prince of Condé	1830
Murat, King of Naples	1815
Sultan Selim	1806
Louis, 1815—wounded at Dilligen	1795
Bonaparte attacked by Arena	1800
by the Infernal Machine,	1804
by Georges	1804
by the Baron de la Salha,	1815
Louis-Philippe, by Bergeron	1832
by Fieschi	1835
by Alibaud	1836

Dethronements.

Pius VI.—died at Valencay.
Pius VII.
The Royal Family of Spain.
The Royal Family of Sweden.
Napoleon and all his Family.
Charles X. and all his Family.
The King of the Netherlands, from Belgium.
The Duke of Brunswick.
The Emperor Nicholas at Warsaw.

Died in Exile.

The Prince of Conti.
The two Princesses, Aunts of Louis XVI.
The Wives of Louis XVIII. and Charles X.
—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Comfortable Inn.—Mr. Jesse notes:—The mutton chops of my old friend, Mrs. Dixon, (of Henley-on-Thames,) are altogether unrivalled, and she has the art of making all her guests happy and contented. I always enjoy myself greatly at her house—not only with reference to the beautiful scenery which I see around, but from the real comfort and cleanliness of everything about me. Her sheets repose in lavender till they are wanted, and her beds are neatness itself. Added to this a large and respectable-looking bible is placed on the dressing-table of each room; a practice which I wish was more generally followed, and which in my opinion adds greatly to the character of the inn and its hostess.—*Angler's Rambles.*

Piano-forte Playing.—A school of piano-forte playing has arisen, which consists almost entirely of feats of slight-of-hand, and the sole object of which seems to be, to play the greatest possible number of notes in a given time. In the hands of Czerny, Herz, and that class of performers, piano-forte playing has fallen to the level of opera-dancing; the one as well as the other being meant only to make people stare. But this vitiated school, however much in vogue in Vienna and Paris, does not gain proselytes in England.—*Musical World.*

The Lament for Madame Malibran.—By Sir Lumley Skeffington.

Flow, sorrow, flow; a deep lament,
As everlasting sigh,
Through every scene shall still present
That shade which seeks the sky.
Tear falls on tear—a boundless grief—
The deluge of the heart,
Revering Malibran as chief
In nature and in art.

If some rare star, in aftertime,
Would kindred fame oppose,
She must inherit the sublime
On which that angel rose;
Bereavement of terrestrial worth,
A trial wisely given,
Turns every thought from cares of earth,
To ecstacy in Heaven.

Profitable Juggling.—Sometime ago, a professor of legerdemain entertained an audience in a village, which was principally composed of colliers. After "astonishing the natives" with various tricks—metamorphosing wine into water, &c.—he asked the loan of a halfpenny from any of his admirers. A collier, with a little hesitation, handed out the coin, which the juggler speedily exhibited, as he said, transformed into a guinea. "An' is that my bawbee?" exclaimed the collier.—"Undoubtedly," answered the juggler.—"Let's see't," said the collier; and turning it round and round in examination, with an ecstacy of delight thanked the juggler for his kindness, and, putting it into his pocket, said, "I'se warn't ye'll no turn't into a bawbee again."—*Greenock Advertiser.*

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